

Gun Smoke

Chamillionaire

1 and a 2 and a 3, nobody
And a 1 and a 2 and a 3, nobody
And a 1, 2, 3, nobody
And a 1 and a 2 and a 3, nobody What you mean? Put ya mug on
What you mean? Put ya mug on
What you mean? Put ya mug on
What you mean? Put ya mug on What you sayin'? What you mean?
Put ya mug on
What you sayin'? What you mean?
Put ya mug on Gun smoke, when you hear me cockin' it back and me gun go
Booyakaa booyakaa, leave you layin' on the floor, yeah
Buck, buck, buck shots, come, come now what you mean?
Pussy mad and blood clots Gun smoke, when you hear me cockin' it back and me gun go
Booyakaa booyakaa, leave you layin' on the floor, yeah
Buck, buck, buck shots, come, come now what you mean?
Pussy mad and blood clots, gun smoke Poof, nobody the ghost bitch
When it's gun smoke on the track, you know Yung Ro wrote this
Yeah, forever Color Changin' Click homie 'cuz I ain't the type
To switch homie some the real niggaz never pick phonies To roll with me, I ride 1 deep
Solo with a glock next to me
So many brothers wanna plex with me
And I'ma show em' all who's next to see Peek-a-boo, there's gun smoke
That's how my gun go
Shots out to that Po-Yo
On the block like Rasag on the mash for dough And I'ma fly, cocky, ignorant dude
You don't wanna see me in a ignorant mood
Just trust me dog, sit and be cool
And we could see how fast your pivot move Bitch, that's how I plex, execute em'
With a red-beam, not even Neo, can't dodge what I'm shootin'
So if you hatin', you better be expectin' some fire
From nobody, the ghost and the Mixtape Messiah So what you sayin' slick, say it to my face
It's on the tip of my tongue and I'm gettin' tired of it's taste
Hey, that's not for you son, let me give you the truth son
You not the truth son, we the realest reppin' Houston Color Changin' Click, we hot, ain't playin' mayne
Cockin' back I'm sprayin' man, I'm, I'm just sayin' mayne
What I gotta do to help you kids understand
Love Ro, if not for rap for what he is as a man I'ma inspiration in the hood for niggaz that struggle
Quit complainin', singin' sad songs get up and hustle
Get ya money mayne, sleep later and hoes get nothin'

No love, no patience, no cash, no love, just nothin'
In they face screamin' get money nigga because I'm true to it
And it's nothin' let you tell it, it's somethin' you new to it
And I'ma keep makin' you bitch niggaz mad at me
Say Koopa, fuck rap, niggaz can't fuck with my mentality Yeah, G'yeah
Yeah, yeah, nobody, the ghost man
Sho', uh, uh, yeah
It's Koopa, it's that Mixtape, M-m-mixtape, M-m-mixtape Messiah Yeah, I'm the man the chief, look how I
handle weak
Ass niggaz who thinkin' that they could have my streets
I'm wavin' my weaponry at a random sweep
Anybody that want it, can get a can of beef Why you kissin' and tellin' my lil Spanish freak?
She kissin' and tellin' me how the bang it sleep
If it's someone else it's playin', it's weak
It's a problem who gonna go handle it, it's me Real niggaz be sayin' what type of man is he
Is the nigga a fraud? Nigga let me see
I know the nigga a lesser man than me
If he said to them instead of me You makin' some noise, it don't jam to me
So the game is currently gon' depend on me
I'm the nigga that gave you a 50 jammin' street
If I bomb on the nigga, I'ma fantal beef Give a damn if I loose a couple fans a week
'Cuz niggaz that's real is gonna stand with me
Give a damn if I loose a couple friends a week
'Cuz I ride to the end and it'll end with me And some pretend to be, friends
But they just fakin' the feeling
You know he fake and you fakin' it with him
And the nigga be thinkin' his fakin' is hittin' Who the hell is makin' this niggin'?
Feel like he ready to slander me
Like he ain't never gon' have to be
Dealin' with the, uh Majesty Chamillionaire yeah, I'm makin' a livin'
You fakin' a livin'
And I don't give a damn who's house you in
I bring the roof down like it's weights in the ceiling Yeah, Chamillitary man
Respect the name
Respect the game
Respect yeah already, get him

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>